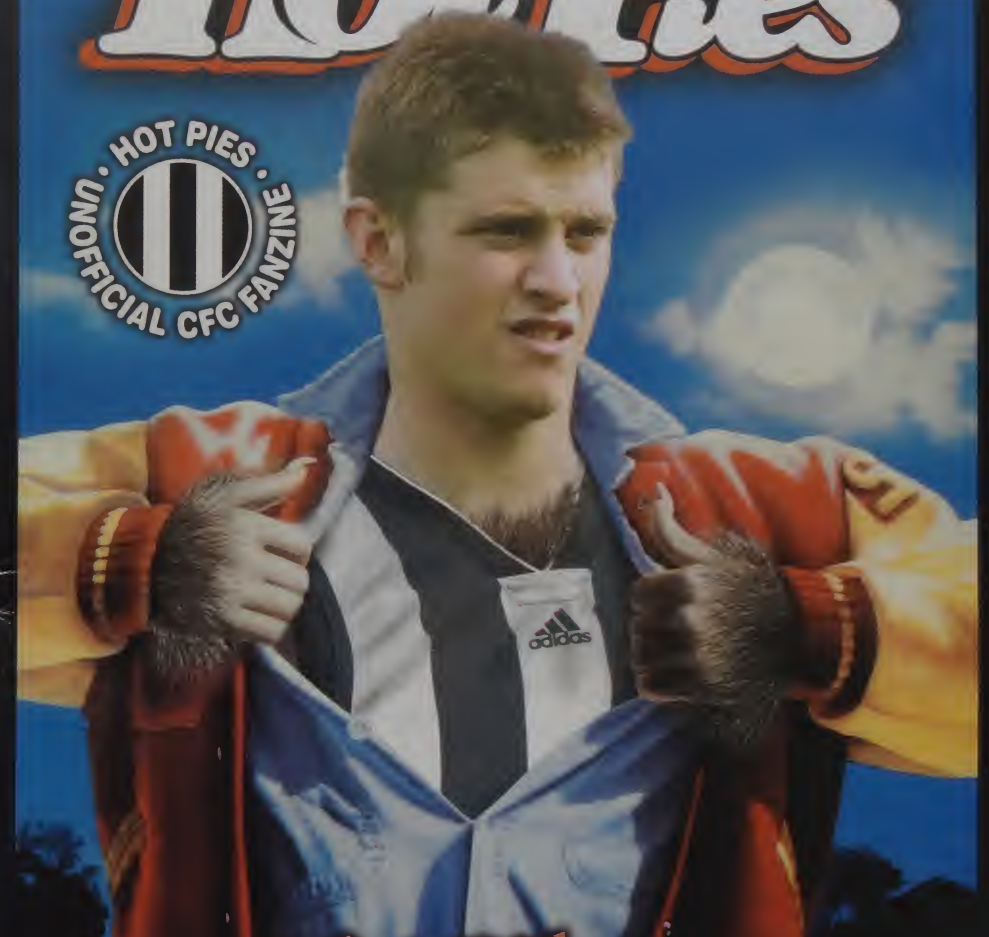


June 2002
Issue 10

Hot Pies



MARK
"MAN-CHILD"
MCGOUGH



9.15am Monday
Sweatin' out the piss
from the night before



3.30pm Wednesday
Flexing for the cameras



5.00pm Friday
Cackin' his dacks over the
latest copy of Hot Pies

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Hot Pies



Hot Pies

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Sim's sister

Subscriptions

email: hotpies@vicnet.net.au
\$10 for 4 editions

WARNING:

Hot Pies contains the following

Coarse language: but not the 'C', 'E', 'D' or 'H' words
of course.

Adult concepts: (like Superannuation and roll-over
advice)

Radical thoughts (like Andrew Demetriou might be a
decent bloke)

Naff jokes

Poo jokes (in the letters section for the
connoisseurs)

Innuendo (and other things we make up)

Ego driven, hedonistic values.

Satire: Do you get it yet? If not put the mag down
now!

Unknown sauces
The sauce on the pies

Letters

Some of these are fair dinkum

Man-Child McGough
Not based on the story of Teen Wolf

Playing List

Already outta date but kinda useful

Rampaging Rupert
Player profile without the crap questions

The Pogo

All the way to September

Cummings all over the place
It's gonna be messy

Osteitis Pubis
The menace below

MEGAPOSTER
Wes Fellowes come on down

Codswallop
Let the haymakers begin

Media Tosser of the Month
The first family of calling get theirs

Malthouse, Einstein, Freud & Clokey
Spot the odd one out

The Gubby
Hot Pies new awards

The Footy Zoo
Magillionaire Time

Conflict of Interest
Eddie "Watchutalkin' 'bout Willis" McGuire

Johnston Street Therapy
Forget Chaddy, this is where it's at

Scotty Spotty
Don't look too closely

Eddietorial
To brag or not to brag

Puzzle Page
More challenging than ever

Footy Mouth
Basking in it

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Collingwood has had recent success on field but there is always room for improvement. Hot Pies went out and asked the faithful . . .

"How can the Pies get even better?"



"More of these and a few more players into short chicks."
Mikki



"More religion."
Seamus



"More youth."
Guy in Priest costume



"Genetics. Good blood lines."
Like Father Like Son



"To get in touch with their feminine side."
Tatt guy



"More pie nights with strippers and a meat tray raffle."
Big fella



"I dunno, but do you like my shirt?"
Groupie Chick



"Don't look at me, don't take my photo, piss off."
Old cranky bloke in 1986 training singlet

X L colour
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Bilious Vulva!

It was recently announced by Collingwood president Eddie McGuire that Bilia Volvo had ceased its three-year association as a support sponsor of the Magpies, worth an undisclosed sum.

Reports have it that the club lost sponsorship after a slip of the lip in which a club official accidentally announced the former sponsors name as "Bilious Vulva". That in itself wouldn't have been so bad, but the alleged slip-up occurred at the opening of a hospital wing for gynaecological diseases at which the CEO of Volvo's grandmother was officiating.

Rule Change

Whilst they won't comment publicly Collingwood officials are furious that 'AFL Hall Of Fame' regulations have prevented our own Mark Richardson from entering the esteemed group again this year.

Internally there is a rift developing that fighting peripheral legal battles has taken the focus away from celebrating the massive contribution that Richo has made to the game since birth.

Stay tuned for more on that one.



Body Shot



There are usually only thirty-two muscles in the human forearm. However one of our Black and White hero's has been identified as having thirty-four. Take a look at the superstar in action and see if you can guess who it is. (Answer is on page 19.)

The race is on!

There's been one story which has dominated the media headlines so far in season 2002 but as usual the mainstream media has got it wrong again. The beard growing competition between Shane O'Bree and Carl Steinfort is not a beard growing competition at all. It's a stubbornness test to see who can go longest without shaving. The smart money is on Paddy Steinfort a man so stubborn they used to called him Donkey at school (we think that's why they called him Donkey). As the

suspense grows and the stakes increase both participants will have a long way to go if they want to break the current non-shaving record currently held by our own Leith Teakle (pictured left). Leith hasn't had a shave for almost eighteen years. Let's hope he doesn't crack now.



Rumour Mill

Who's the Goth with the Yellow 1982 Corolla? That's what many around Vicky Park have been asking after seeing Ryan Lonie travelling with his mysterious companion from the dark side along the Nepean Highway recently. Let's hope some vixen isn't putting funny ideas in his head.



AGM Dacking

Internet shit stirrer, man about town and general wanker, Steve Main, has started planning his next Collingwood AGM assault. For those who weren't at the last AGM, Main asked the Taliban question and generally gave everyone the shits. Who knows what Main has in store this year, but rumour has it that Main is ripe for a dacking.

WHAT'S GOING ON??

Dear Hot Pies,

I read recently from Hotrod or Rant that they saw a Four'n Twenty Pie boy at the footy on a mobile phone, earlier in the season I saw a boundary ump wearing Sunnies, at Colonial I saw adult footy record sellers behind a podium and tonite (a Monday night after Freo beat Melb) I saw some bloke on the train wearing a Freo jacket. What the hell is going on with footy today?????

Cheers

Disturbed, Email

SWEET REVENGE

Dear Hot Pies

I am writing in disgust after watching the Port Adelaide debacle last night, where I found myself dumfounded at the actions of both the maggots in white and the fairies in that aqua-ry green ensemble.

I'll start with that number 11 maggot McLaren (is he an employee of SAA?), who paid so many frees and 50s to the Port forwards I'm sure he must've been promised a few strawberry daiquiris at the Ramsgate hotel afterwards.

Secondly, those jumpers, just another suck job by an interstate club to impress the AFL. Over there they may be half an hour behind eastern Australia in time, but we all know they are at least 5 - 10 years behind, because those Princes Park Pansies already tried the M&M thing with their jumper and looked like they belonged on a float in Sydney. Finally I'm starting to sound like a Hawthorn board member with all this whingeing).

I would like to remind those sons of an Adelaide hack, the Cornes brothers, and that try hard thug cum Port Adelaide soft cock Hardwick that you will play Collingwood in Victoria again.

Maybe not this year and certainly not at Victoria Park, but just remember Collingwood supporters have long memories and that kind of behaviour might cut it in front of 35,000 morons at Football Park, but on a cold wintery afternoon at the 'G' in 2003 or perhaps a sunny September afternoon this year, whatya gonna do when the Magpie army runs wild on you?

Yours Sincerely

Traditionalist, Glen Waverley

LEAVE HER BLOODY ALONE

Dear Hot Pies,

Your piece on Caroline Wilson is unfair. It is clear from every paragraph of every article she writes for The Age, and in every word that falls from her lips on Talking Footy and 3LO, that Caroline is a lady with a rosy outlook on life, a lady without an axe to grind and with no boulder on her shoulder, a lady for whom the glass is always half full, and who is grateful for the existence of football. Your article tends to gloss over these points, which are all part of the adorable personality she presents to the world. Odd.

Craig Pett
Carlton North

IRATE

Dear Hot Pies

I was disappointed not to have been invited to the 'Blessing of the scarves' ceremony at Victoria Park in the pre-season.

This was particularly insulting considering the tremendous assistance I have given the club and Eddie over the years.

Please tell Eddie to return my calls.

God
Heaven

ABSOLUTE JOKE

Dear Hot Pies,

I'm sick to death of Collingwood supporters being stereotyped as illiterate, ignorant and stupid people, but that topic is for another letter. What I do want to write about is the World News Tonight on SBS. I am a big fan of Anton Enis' work and he usually covers all the BIG stories from around the world. Imagine my shock when I watched the whole show for the biggest news story of the year only to find it didn't even get a mention. Namely the Buck's tribunal hearing. If they're fair dinkum about covering all the big stories that affect millions of people around the world then perhaps their editorial team needs to get a mirror and have a good, long hard one.

Vanessa
ACT

GUTTER FILTH

Dear Hot Pies

I'm glad that your magazine has finally gotten out of the gutter. Your article on Eddie McGuire's bum-hole in the last edition was a ripper and has firmly placed the publication where it belongs, in the sewer.

I.P. Freely
Wychebrook

WHITE MAGGOTS, THIN SKINNED!

Well freak me. If da AFhel init da biggest bunch of wining, thinned skinned bastards on da Earth, den I'll suck the riverts out a James Hirds noggin.

Why do dey hate Collingwood and have a crack at poor Mick and our own Eddie. De outrage!

At da press conferince promotin' a

game Mick says dat de umps hav do make more of an effort to keep out of de way of playez durin da games. Fair enough I tink. Sheed's even got da twinkle in his eye and nodded enthusiastically in agreemnt. Da result of da commints? Well mai u arz.

Mick gits called into AFhel House for two hours. What happind? An announzmint dat his commintz had sparkd an exzpert panil to talk da positionin of da umpz on da feeld? Or, an admissin dat intent should be considered by de tribunil when adjudecatin on collisionz? Or, perhaapz a statemint dat dere was veracitie in Mick's commintz but nothink could be done til de end of da season???

Nah.

Dey fined im \$5 000. squid

Attention: Hot Pies Shoppers!

Do you think Greg Swann wears a rug?

Do you believe Grant Thomas is a joke?

Do you ever think at all?

If so then why not drop us a line at Hot Pies?

We're sick of making up these lame letters.

hotpies@vicnet.net.au

or

Hot Pies
PO Box 6046
Collingwood 3066

The AFhel even considred fining Eddie for stickin up for Chris Tarrant when he got cruxifixed recantly. I can dack Tazzo up on dis one. I was twenty three rows back, on da top deck of da Ponsford buyinck a wickid Hot Dog while beinck felt up by me Julie when it happened. No video evidince and two liars. What a joke! Dem is fhools.

Dey called Eddie in for a "Pleese Explainz" when he liftid an eyebrow about da hole farce.

Dey let him off, probably cos dey'd gone to far in givin Tazzo two weaks anyway. For real.

But dat's not da point. I say the AFhel can GET STUFFED!!

Da only reason dey keep fining people is cos it's da only way to keep a gag on those decryinck deir incompetinc. This is a batty dattempt to dodge scrutany and avoid exposur of deir inept decisin makin processis. Processis dat directlee daffect our game, and derefore our entire lives.

Or aren't we allowed to talk about dat eitheer?

Maximum respect to the Johnston Street Massif.

Ali-G Stipe
(down me knicker wiv me Julie)
Hawthorn

COMPLAINT

Dear Hot Pies

Please resist from calling your magazine "Hot Pies" and selling it outside football games. I unwittingly went to one of your sellers recently, who was yelling out "Hot Pies, only \$2.00", expecting to get a quick and nourishing snack before the game. Imagine my surprise when I found myself a short time later with staples and paper lodged between my teeth, lacerating my gums.

This is clearly false advertising and a danger to the public's health

Yours sincerely,

Hugh Jarre
Templestowe

RANDY

I don't know about the rest of the Magpie Army, but a big win makes me incredibly randy. As soon as I get onto the Eastern I look forward to a big night on the steak and two veg. The only problem is that I am single and have no one to share my love for the Pies (and other fine things).

Where do I go to find a man at the footy.

Heidi DaSalami
Preston

Eds: That's a curly one but here's a few tips. The TAB usually has a good ration, as too do the queues for beer and urinals. If that doesn't prove successful you can always try the Royal Hotel.

NOT HAPPY

I have a friend, he barracks for Essendon and his favourite Bomber of all time is Peter Cransberg. I want to punch him.

Aaron
Wulla Gulla

KEEP IT UP

Hey guys, loved the last edition, good to see you're still full of shit. I think you guys are the greatest thing to happen to footy since they charged for sauce! Keep up the good work. Go Pies.

Us
Here

MARK "MAN-CHILD" McGOUGH

by Kit Fennessy

Many people have asked, "Who is this young rapskallion in our midst? Winner of the Anzac Medal and all-round enigma of a young kid? Where does he come from and how did he become a Pie???"

Well let me take you back in time, not too far, and I'll tell you a story about young Mark McGough and how he became the "Mauler from Mulwahla" from being a mere slip of a lad, a little like yourself.

It was a cool autumn day back in Mulwahla. The leaves were on the turn and the local high school kids had an under 16's match at the park next to the local CFA.

It was late in the final quarter and the Mulwahla Sheeldippers were getting thrashed, 132 to 12. But young Mark had just taken a grab directly in front of goal twenty metres out and was lining up to put it through. He could feel the weight of expectation in the crowd. Jennifer (the town spunk and Saturday night bike) was at the match that day. As he went back for his kick he spotted her over the fence. She was looking the other way, talking to some friend. He had to get on the board!

He inhaled and then exhaled and lined up for his kick. One step, two, little trot, keep your head down for cripes sake and don't miss it. He kicked, it soared from his boot and as the ball arched upwards it began to swing. But not enough! Over the post. Damn! A point.

Mark was fronted by his opponent who towered over him. "You suck shit" he said, shouldering Mark in the chest. As he picked himself up off the turf he looked over and saw Jennifer yawn.

Mark was angry. Not just that he kicked a point, or that a wanker from the other team had given him an earful. As much as he loved his home town, Mark pined for something greater. "I'm sick of being ordinary" he thought to himself. "Not just at footy either. Everything's ordinary. This town, this haircut, these girls... everything!"

The ball was bounced for what was to be the last play of the day. As it hit the ground, Mark felt the anger in him swell and he dived on the ball. His opponent, Stinky Simpson from Cobram, snatched the ball at the same time. Mark ripped the ball from his hands. He turned, dodged and super-booted a torp from eighty meters out!! The crowd stood up, holding their breath. Would it make it? Not this time, another point just as the siren sounded. The Sheeldippers lost by 118 points. "You did well" said the coach. "We only lost by 20 kicks today."

In the change rooms after the game, Mark was troubled. He'd never felt power like that come over him before. He pulled off his jumper and scratched his chest. And then he saw it. "What the hell?" he exclaimed. Growing from the centre of his chest was a single, thick, long black hair. He pulled it out. It was at least ten inches long. Something was wrong.

He raced home and locked himself in the bathroom. He undid his shirt and saw his muscles rippling under his skin like live eels wriggling in a tank. His body was like a huge balloon inflating and deflating of it's own accord. He was scared that his blood might be boiling from Ross River Fever carried by some blighted mosquito. "Help me God!" cried the traumatised teenager.

As he lay quivering on the floor of the bathroom his father investigated.

"Son, are you alright in there?"

"Go away Dad. I'm doing something very private in here."

"Open the door, I think it's time we talked."

"Just leave me alone!" Mark shouted

"I demand that you open this door right now!"

Mark was mortified. How would his Dad react to having a freak in the family? "Alright" he replied, "You asked for it."

Mark's father opened the door and saw that his son had transformed into a behemoth. A man mountain. A human wall of muscle where only hours before stood an ordinary skinny country kid.



featurearticle

Instead of shock, Mark's father was a model of sympathy "It's OK, don't worry son! You're not like normal people. You've got a genetic condition known as 'footballus championus'."

"How can you call this OK?" Mark replied in utter disbelief. "I'm a freak of nature!! Why didn't you warn me about this?"

"I thought it might skip a generation, but the full moon and that little tramp Jennifer must have brought out your condition. Being the way you are might have some downsides, but you'll also have great powers. You'll be able to do things on a football field that no-one else can do (except Richo). But with great powers comes great responsibility. Just make sure you use your powers for the forces of good and never play for Carlton."

Back at school on Monday things had really changed.

"You look different!" Jennifer said to him at the lockers between periods. "Have you done something different with your hair?"

"Mark, wanna come to the movies with me on Saturday after the match?" asked another girl Cathy who was in the year above him.

The next footy match marked the beginning of the McGough we know today. Early in the first quarter he ran into a group of players and dived on the ball at the bottom of a pack. Four opposition players jumped on top of him. Women screamed and grown men looked away in agony. Any normal person would have been crushed by such a sickening clash.

But from under the pile of bodies came a low groan. And the groan became a roar. And the roar became a powerful force.

The pack exploded. All four players were thrown off, landing sprawling on their backs ten metres away. Mark stood up with the ball in his hands and raised himself up to his full and not inconsiderable height.

His eyes were lit with the fires of hell. Everybody including the umpire, was scared. No one would come near him. He tore off down the ground, kicking a perfect drop punt from eighty metres out and slotting it through the middle of the sticks.

From that point on he played like a man possessed. He was on the back line smothering kicks off the boot and marking near certain goals on the line twenty metres in the air. He ran the ball into attack and kicked dozens of goals from every conceivable angle. He snapped them from the boundary, he popped them backwards over his head. He annihilated the opposition and hardly anybody else got a touch that day.

Final score: Sheeldippers 694, Visitors 7 (Mark had been doing up his shoelace during one of the opposition's score and drinking water at the other).

Within a week he was promoted to the seniors and later that year they won the Grand Final by fifteen goals. And it was all thanks to Mark. On Grand Final Night, a rotund man with a lovable grin and very smooth skin approached him at the club victory spit-roast celebrations.

"Hi Mark. You might not have heard of me, but my name's Neil Balme. I'm from Melbourne, you know, 'Town', and I work with a team called Collingwood. Ever heard of them?"

Oh. The Magpies. No? Well, anyway, I'll be straight with you Mark. We like the cut of your jib! We wanna bring you down to Melbourne give you a run with the big fellas. We'll organise you a top-notch education. Northcote High! Nothin' but the best, waddya say?"

In the end the answer was yes, and the legend was born.

So now you know. Next time someone asks you who is this up-start, this kid from the bush you tell them.

He's no up-start. He's no ordinary human. He's got a severe case of footballus championus.

He's McGough. Mark "ManChild" McGough.



No.		Born	Height	Weight	Games
1	Leon Davis	17/6/81	178	75	33
2	Damien Adkins	9/03/81	179	75	19
3	Mark Richardson	31/10/72	196	99	132
4	Alan Didak	15/2/83	182	84	5
5	Nathan Buckley	26/07/72	186	89	183
6	Brodie Holland	3/1/80	180	80	57
7	Jarrod Molloy	12/5/76	189	99	142
8	James Clement	4/9/76	190	94	104
9	Glenn Freeborn	06/02/73	183	83	112
10	Rupert Betheras	23/11/75	181	86	52
11	Shane O'Bree	15/3/79	180	82	63
12	Steve McKee	20/6/78	199	102	41
13	Richard Cole	15/7/83	182	75	-
14	Shane Wakelin	12/8/74	191	94	115
15	Carl Steinfort	1/4/77	191	87	83
16	Tom Davidson	3/2/83	192	80	-
17	Scott Burns	23/12/74	181	82	113
18	Paul Licuria	07/02/73	179	86	67
19	Nick Davis	30/03/80	178	85	33
20	Chris Tarrant	18/12/80	192	91	65
21	Chad Rintoul	31/7/74	180	86	73
22	Rhyce Shaw	16/10/81	180	80	4
23	Anthony Rocca	15/08/77	195	104	118
24	Tarkyn Lockyer	30/10/77	178	79	56
25	Josh Fraser	5/1/82	202	95	42
26	Ben Johnson	5/4/81	178	84	30
27	Mark McGough	22/6/84	186	182	-
28	Ben Kinnear	27/2/79	193	98	37
29	Heath Scotland	21/07/80	181	81	24
30	Guy Richards	21/3/83	200	89	-
31	Andrew Dimmatinna	9/11/77	183	89	26
32	Scott Cummings	18/1/74	194	105	123
33	Tyson Lane	25/08/76	183	86	61
34	Jason Cloke	6/5/82	189	93	-
35	Simon Prestigiacomo	31/01/78	193	97	90
36	Dane Swan	25/2/84	183	75	-
37	Ryan Lonie	4/3/83	190	90	21
38	Tristen Walker	11/4/84	194	93	-
39	James Podsiadly	10/9/81	192	96	-
40	Justin Crow	16/7/83	196	80	-
41	Andrew J. Hill	6/9/79	183	83	-
43	Mark Dubyna	9/12/83	186	79	-
44	Andrew R. Hill	23/6/81	188	91	1
45	Leith Teakle	28/7/83	178	74	-



almost accurate as 1/1/2000

U n s u n g H e r o O f T h e M o n t h

Rampaging Rupert

There is only one word which comes close to describing the brilliance of a full-flight Rupert Betheras. That word is RAMPAGING.

The word *rampaging* is the verb form of the word *rampant*. As the big book of words says, *Rupert/Rampant* means,

"... (1) excessive, exuberant, wanton; (2) aggressive, dominant, headstrong, impetuous, unbridled, uncontrollable, unrestrained, vehement, violent; (3) (Her.) erect, standing, upright".

You can't help but agree with all those definitions (except the bit about wanton, he doesn't even like Chinese food). but some of the other words ring eerily true.

Exuberant. This is on full display whenever Rupert runs out on the field wearing the black and white. Whenever he tries to pull-off mark of the year, that's exuberant.

Whenever he chases a player he's never going to catch, that's exuberant. And whenever he tries to hit on Mick's daughter, that's definitely exuberant.

Excessive is another word that comes under the rampaging banner. It relates to his natural instincts in life and footy. This is something modern coaches are purging from the game, but not our Mick.



'Old Shifty-Eyes' Betheras
(as he is known to his mates)

If Rupert's instincts tell him something he'll do it. It's only in recent times those instincts are telling him to do smart things, which is a significant change for Rupert.

Unbridled, this is definitely the case. At no time throughout his decorated career has Rupert ever worn a bridle out on the field. Whatever he chooses to do in his own time is up to him.

Being **Headstrong** is one of Rupert's greatest weapons. Throughout his career I've seen Rupert cop many knocks to the head and so far so good.

Not only that, but after a pre-season Wes Fellowes would be proud of he has proven his desire and commitment to play for the Pies.

This headstrong determination typifies how much he values his place in the greatest club in Australia.

Rupert has been increasingly used up forward this year to great effect. Could this have something to do with Rupert being, **uncontrollable**. I'm sure the Brisbane defence might think so after tearing them apart a few weeks ago.

Whether used up forward as a lively target, having a run through the mid-field or being given a job to shut someone down. There's nothing he wouldn't do if Mick asked him nicely.

That's what makes him a Hot Pies, Unsung Hero. Keep up the good work Rupert



the art of barracking... **The Pogo**

by Ramon Dobb

The Pogo. What is it, you might ask? It's an oft used but little understood or acknowledged part of many a football supporter's life.

According to Funkn Whitten's footy dictionary the Pogo is defined as:

"POGO [PO-GO], NOUN. THE INVOLUNTARY AND INSTINCTIVE REACTION OF JUMPING UP AND DOWN UNCONTROLLABLY WITH YOUR MATES AS A RESULT OF WITNESSING A SEEMINGLY MATCH-WINNING EFFORT (OR A DAICOS IMPOSSIBLE GOAL)."

Barrackers from the 70 and 80s or those who still congregate in the standing room at the footy will be familiar with the practice.

Your side kicks the sealer in a big game and all of a sudden within the blink of an eye there's blokes jumpin' all over each other and beer gleefully spilling in celebration.

The origins of the pogo are still unclear. It is believed to have originated in the early 60s, the days of rebellion and social change. As youngsters rebelled against the supporter fashions of old and discarded the customary gaberdine coats and pork pie hats, it is believed that they also started the pogo – the "forbidden" barracking.

One of the earliest recordings of the pogo was in the early 60's at Windy Hill where a group of Collingwood fans rejoiced after Murray Weideman led the Pies to a stirring victory with a 10 goal last quarter.

Slowly over time it developed and today has become an accepted part of football barracking.

The pogo can come in many forms and places as demonstrated in the following examples:

THE "GRANGE" OR "ROLLS ROYCE" POGO

The 1990 Qualifying Final and "that" goal by Daics – yes, the reverse banana from the boundary which is without peer in the history and future of football.

Why? Coz – it was a final, it was late in the last quarter, it put us 8 points up which should have been the sealer and it was just the greatest goal anyone could have kicked. Everyone in the crowd went berserk



– I was in a group of about 15 blokes, standing in the terraces and we jumped higher than the third story of the grandstand and were still going five minutes later. No wonder we saw a hole in the last couple of minutes and only saw the game, I think most of the players were still doing the P

THE MULTIPLE POGO

Like it's namesake the multiple orgasm, it's a once in a blue moon event.

What: 1988 versus Carlton at the G. It was tight all day and the young premiers team to be were slugging it out against the 87 premiers and looked like getting overrun.

Then all of a sudden Starcevich kicks one, two three in three minutes and Banksy follows up a minute later with a fourth to not only seal the game but humiliate them.

Jumpin' Jai Wallace, our trampolining silver medalist, never jumped for so long as we did at that game.

THE ANTICIPATION POGO

The one where you can just see a win coming from nowhere even though you are still behind. In the 87 Easter Monday game against Richmond when we kicked nine last quarter goals and Graeme Atkins kicked the winner. As we sailed within three, two and one goals, you knew we were home and the pogo came out.

THE 1ST QUARTER POGO

The rarest of all, but it happened at Vic Park against Fitzroy in 1986 as BT kicked his 6th and our 10th for the quarter on the quarter time siren.

THE 2ND QUARTER POGO

Also rare, and rarer still that it happened a week after the 1st Quarter Pogo mentioned above, where Big Ronny McKeown went berserk against Essendon at Waverley and kicked eight goals for the game as we blitzed them with a 10 goal 2nd Quarter and Ronny kicking his 5th on the run just prior to half time.

THE POINT POGO

Not all pogos have to be related to a goal. Troy Lehmann's famous point at Subiaco against West Coast in 1992 to give us victory with seconds to go prompted a frenzy of pogo activity.

THE TV POGO

Like Troy's point and Josh Fraser's sealer against Port Power in 2001 at Footy Park, you don't have to be at the ground for the pogo to appear. Low ceilings and new carpets are in danger in the home, at times like this, as beer gets spilt and arms punch the air.

THE SUPERBOX POGO

Standing Room in the outer is the usual habitat of the Pogo, however, it can appear in many places. The Superbox is not immune to the Pogo – with the able assistance of the free Crownies on offer. It once appeared in the famous Craig Kelly "pinchy pinchy" game when the siren went and the Pies hung on by a point over the Hawks.

THE MEDALLION CLUB POGO

If you can do it in a Superbox, you can do it in the Medallion Club at Docklands. Take our 2000 victory over the Doggies where last quarter goals to Adkins and Pebbles sent the masses into a frenzy and a fifth straight victory for the start of the season.

THE "DRAW" POGO

Not all pogos are reserved for a win. The inaugural Anzac Day game in '95 produced a pogo at the delight of a drawn game as Big Sav grabbed a specky and kicked his ninth for the day to tie the game up.

THE UNLIKELY POGO

The pogo relies on the subconscious to be enacted and on most occasions it is reserved for the deeds of star players. However, on occasions an unlikely group of players can feature in the pogo.

Take Round 15 1998 against Geelong at the MCG where last quarter goals from Clinton King, Frankie Raso Jason Wild resulted in an upset victory for the undermanned Pies (read "Buckley out with a hammie") and a pogo event rarer than Haley's Comet.

THE LONG AWAITED POGO

1999 was a lean year and after being robbed blind by the umpires in the Adelaide game the previous week (later to be known as "Rupertgate"), the Pies turned it on against the Saints in the second half sealing a long awaited victory with a couple of sealers in the last quarter.

THE GREAT GOAL POGO

(irrespective of whether it was a matchwinner or not)

Usually reserved for one of Daics' plethora of impossible goals, Micky McGuane's famous seven bounce goal against Carlton at the G in 1994 inspired an uncontrollable pogo for the sheer brilliance of this individual performance.

However, as enjoyable and addictive as the pogo is, it's like an ugly bloke at a nightclub, you won't get one every week. A host of variables and events sometimes as complex as getting the stars in alignment must occur before the pogo is enacted.

As you can see from the above examples it can be triggered after a unique combination of factors such as; the context of the season; the balance of the game; the dynamics of the crowd; the physical space around you, the player involved and of course the one act of brilliance itself. The Pogo can't be manufactured.

A big fat dago Carlton supporter with bolognaise sauce on his chin can't do it; a Bombers' mutton divorcee with little Timmy squealing "James, James, James" can't do it; a hoity toity Dees' couple with their rug and thermos can't do it!!! It's instinctive – it's like a Daicos goal, a Billy Picken speckie or a Stan Magro shirtfront – you are born with it.

So there it is Pies fans, an explanation and chronicle of history of that act of barracking that always puzzled you, the Pogo. May the remainder of season 2002 give you plenty of opportunity to use it.



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CUMMINGS

All Over the Place!

When the Collingwood Football Club announced the drafting of Scott Cummings, many people found the idea "difficult to swallow".

But there is a growing belief that's it's good to have Cummings no matter how long it takes.

Getting to the stage of having Cummings was not as straight forward as many people might think. Dealing with West Coast has been awkward in recent times. In fact it was a long, drawn-out and much anticipated event, getting Cummings for the first time. It could have become a sticky situation, but luckily our recruiting department had the situation well in hand.

A fierce competitor, Cummings is not afraid to get in peoples faces (and sometimes ears as well). In fact he's not afraid to give anyone a spray. Cummings is a slippery customer with a cocky personality. Whilst not as tall as some full-forwards, we should win the flag despite our short-Cummings.

Around the club he has stood out, only because he has fit in so well. Now that's he's



Cummings at Victoria Park

been measured up for the Versacé outfit, it's good to know we've got Cummings in our pants.

His intimidating presence on the field forces the ball to ground. This creates numerous opportunities for the younger types to 'mop up after Cummings'.

Following a recent hamstring injury, many people were wondering if he was Cummings or goings. Fortunately, for all involved, he has pulled through and we can all look forward to 'Cummings more often'.

'Supercoach' **Mick Malthouse** might have said, "It's great to have Cummings around. Everybody likes Cummings. Cummings is good off the field as well as on."

Coach Malthouse could have continued, "From time to time you have to expect Cummings on the bench. When he's not playing I'd like to have Cummings in the box, but most of all I want Cummings in the middle, where Cummings belongs"

Collingwood fans agree. With the season we're having, we should enjoy plenty of Cummings throughout the season.

Dirty Sanchez

Osteitis Pubis:

More than a pain in the arse?

Osteitis pubis. Very few people know what it is. Even fewer know how to pronounce it. Oste-eye-tis pubis, or Os-tight-us pubis???

Our shocking investigation reveals that scalps are being scratched amongst our own training staff down at Vicky Park, in a desperate attempt to crack this new contagion that has been decimating our boys.

In this leading edge investigative report, 'Hot Pies' brings you the low-down on the curse of the turf and what the club can do about it.

Osteitis Pubis is taken from the Ancient Greek meaning "Ow !#\$@, my crotch has split in half!"

This mystery condition has struck down a host of Magpie champions throughout the years.

Anthony Rocca, Ryan Lonie, Damien Adkins, Heath Scotland, Josh Fraser: it seems no-one (except the other 35 players on the list) is immune.

But questions remain un-answered: "Where does it come from?", "How do you catch it?", "Why has

it struck Vicky Park so savagely?" and "Can you still get two pies and a beer for under five bucks anymore?"

Physiotherapists have defined Osteitis pubis as a '...bone stress injury of the pubic bone in front of the pelvis'.

It can vary from:

MILD

Usual symptoms include post-bonking soreness.

MODERATE

The inability to circum-navigate Dean Rioli.

SEVERE

Body splitting in two as you walk down the street.

Experts have struggled to explain the cause of this affliction, however 'Hot Pies' has discovered some mitigating factors that we believe have elicited this new 'Black (and white) Plague'. And the results may shock you.

Medical staff have pointed the finger at "Supercoach" Mick Malthouse's getting to know you game "strenuous pelvic

bumping" for causing the damage.

Others have laid the blame at the feet of David Buttifant's newly introduced "bowling ball stomach toughening" exercises.



An early case of "osteitis pubis" at Collingwood.



Another player exposes himself to the danger of wearing dick pointers.

Most ridiculously of all, some think it's the hardness of playing surfaces, as many players were succumbing to the injury in the summer months. This theory has also been shot to pieces.

A closer examination of the player's groins has revealed that it is the physiotherapists themselves and their unhealthy fascination with water sports that has brought Collingwood kneeling before the wooden god of Osteitis Pubis.

Physiotherapists, likened to a strange cult known as the "Masons", are mysterious and covert, with a number of secretive rites of passage.

Those who know of their silent codes have revealed that they are in fact the sadists of the medical fraternity. Their credo of, 'if it bends it's funny, if it breaks it's not' has crippled, maimed and paralysed thousands of people over the years.

And the latest craze amongst physios? Pre-season cross training. With its emphasis on swimming, triathlons, beach volleyball and other sports, all of the players are required to wear Speedos; and it's this simple problem that everyone has overlooked.

The draw-strings on Speedos cause a buckling tension across the pelvic bone. And the longer and stronger the pull, the higher the tension and the more likely the cause of injury.

Collingwood players are never far away from public attention and as they gallivant about in their "pointers" this invariably leads to pubic attention.

Many of the players for this very reason have been giving themselves "Hollywood chubs" while in their dick-dacks, inadvertently placing further strain on the draw-string.

Add to this the fact that these diabolical physiotherapists have ascribed the freezing waters of Kerferd Rd with the famous healing powers of the waters of Lourdes, and a dire picture of Collingwood's injury woes emerges. All year round "sundial" wearing!

A message has to go out to the training staff at the Pies. Either drop the togs or end up crippling the team.

Hot Pies - keepin' it real.



Big Wes 'The Enforcer'

absolute 'n utter Codswallop

Codswallop is sick and tired of sanctimonious soap-box sycophants from the media ruining the game with their unfounded opinions.

FLOODING

There has been a lot of debate about the state of our great game. Some claiming a demise in quality so that it now reflects those other so-called footy codes soccer and rugby.

Has anybody seen these two piss-poor excuses for sports recently? They are a complete joke and utterly boring to watch.

With soccer you are lucky to get two or three goals for both sides for the entire match and in rugby maybe half a dozen tries (less in the version where they stomp on each other). And scoring is the only redeeming feature of those two sports.

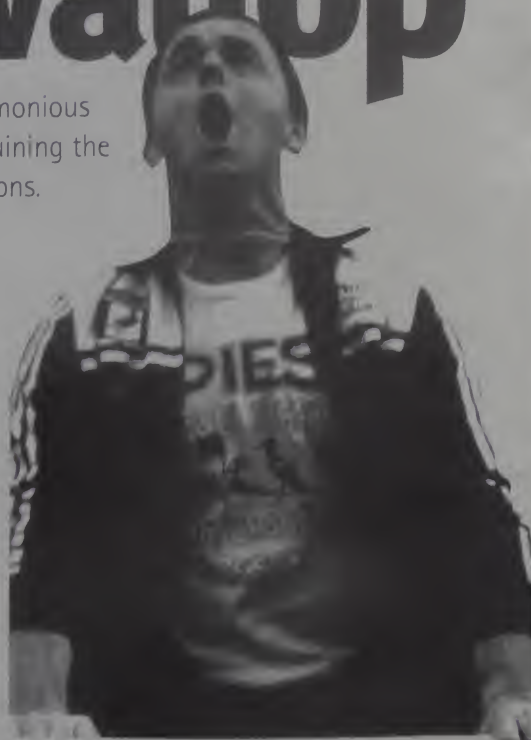
So are these opinions coming from journos with nothing better to do with their time than make up continual rubbish.

Or from esteemed armchair experts with enough brains to use a telephone but not enough to realise that their opinions are without sense and they therefore shouldn't be calling talkback radio.

Or maybe from ex-playing AFL Commissioners who when they played never moved more than ten metres from their designated position on the field and boasted an array of skills which amounted to mongrel punts directed to nobody in particular and who would now struggle to get a game in a TAC Cup team.

(This Graeme John bloke people are talking about as an ex-great footy player from South who's whingeing a lot about flooding. He wouldn't have played in those dominant Swans sides of the 60's now would he?)

You know the ones that boasted great names such as Skilton, ... ahhhh Skilton and ahhh ... Seriously hands



up anybody under 40 who has heard of him before he became a Commissioner. To Graeme John, I say, Get back in your box fella)

Anyway whoever is stirring up all the trouble, whether you're a pooncy-arsed journo or a bitter ex-player jealous that you never looked so good or skilful in your day you need to TAKE A GOOD LONG HARD LOOK AT YOURSELF PEOPLE.

Ruckmen have been falling back a kick behind the play for donkeys as have ruck-rovers and rovers been getting back to help out their defenders. Nobody likes watching crap sides and crap sides are the ones guilty of flooding. The good sides don't flood.

I propose that you do as I (and many others) do and go to a game, scream for your team until your veins are bursting and a fine spray of beer-flavoured spittle starts to emanate from your mouth and I guarantee you won't notice floods, the so-called "quality" of the game or even who might be playing well – all you will notice is the score, your heroes flying above packs, diving headfirst into danger and showing their amazing skills, not to mention the white maggots crucifying our team.

RULE CHANGES

While I'm targetting idiots with very ordinary looking beards I'll just move on over to Robert Walls for a moment. Was he serious about those rules that he proposed?

Whether he was just trying to raise debate or his editor told him to write some complete and utter bollocks for a laugh or whatever, you think the bloke would have some self-respect to possibly think about the rules.

"Marking a backwards or sideways kick is not a mark" is my favourite. That's really going to work in the forward fifty to the dude caught on the boundary with a teammate all on his own further out but dead in front.

Have anybody in the media bothered to notice who is actually against rule changes. Every coach bar one and the players' association. Two pretty significant groups in this whole debate.

The only coach advocating rule changes was Sheedy who unsurprisingly changed his mind on any changes when blokes like Malthouse, Pagan, Eade, Wallace, Frawley etc reckoned it was a crap idea.

Sheedy is a complete hypocrite anyway because he invented the possession game which counted down the clock; his team is the most culpable when it comes to scrapping the uncontested marker until a first warning is received by the umpi; his prat of a full forward is the one who bores us senseless with his two minute shots for goal ... the list goes on.

We don't need Sheedy's arse-up opinions, his hypocrisy, his back flips and we don't need rule changes.

What we flippin' well need is the enforcement of the rules to the detriment of the rule exploiters and bit of common bloody sense.

A dude takes an uncontested mark (let's say by three metres) – you can't touch him.

A few dudes are scraggling for the footy on the ground and Jason Johnson, Akermanis or Hardwick come in and drop the knee on to an opposition player – you slap him, cos that's what chicks do to each other and knee-ing is a chick's act, take his number and give a free kick against him.

TIME CLOCK

Aha, another contentious issue these days. Channel Nine and Eddie like 'em, Channel ten and David barham don't. Geoff McClure from The Age is running a campaign against it and in a survey with Sport 927 found the punters split 60/40 in favour of the clock.

Codswallop has some definite opinions – surprised? We didn't think so.

Watching the recent Port Adelaide game it seemed good, but then again would it have been less good without it, we'll never know. I really don't think one can really tell either way – it's that sort of thing. But we're talking telly here and if you're reading this mag then chances are that you're a supporter that goes to the games and doesn't sit at home on your fat tush every weekend.

So ask yourself this: would you really want it at the ground?

It's been on the telly for 14 years but it has never been at the ground. Changing it could change the nature of games incredibly. Not only might you get teams trying to count down the clock with more and more minutes to go in the last quarter, rushing behinds, causing ball-ups, playing boring short pass footy but it might start happening in each quarter.

I know players get messages from coaches these days but having it on the scoreboard could have serious ramifications to the way the game is played. We don't want no basketball or gridiron bollocks, let me tell you.

Codswallop is going to take a middle ground and a position completely opposite to the Mighty Mick. Run the clock on the telly but not make it available at the grounds. Prohibit access to coaches and players and maintain the integrity of one of the fundamental characteristics of our game.

Prove me wrong by trialling a countdown clock during a pre-season comp or practice match and see what happens but be very careful before you give it to selfish megalomaniacal coaches and mediaheads.

The Showerblock Singers Present

Magpie Karaoke Extravaganza

karaoke capers!

mad-cap musical mayhem
with Nathan "Bucks Fizz" Buckley & Friends

Islands in the stream,
That is what we are...



No one in between,
How can we be wrong...

Performing every Thursday after training
in the Vicky Park Showers



The Lame Family

We've targeted some big names in the footy media - Wilson, Sheahan ... - but perhaps none bigger (especially in his own lunchbox) than Tim Lame.

To a great degree he suffers from the same syndrome as those other abovementioned Hall of Shame Tossers. That is, believing he is unerringly right all the time with the annoying habit of stating his opinions as fact and then challenging people to respond to his so-called "facts".

But Tim Lame's other great crime is that he should have stuck to what he does best, that is, Tossing. But unfortunately for us, like so many tossers before him he didn't see the light and with delusions of greatness decided to spread his seed in other ways and procreate.

Thus was born the burgeoning-monster known as Sam Lame. (For the uninitiated she features on Francis Leach's Saturday morning 3LO program "When Saturday Comes" as the Carlton coach-in-the-outer and has got some other gig working on the AFL web site or something)

For those prone to deafness and lacking the ability to critically analyse bias, Lame senior is also a Ballbags fan - I could stop this piece right now really, couldn't I? - Or I could go on to say that most of the media garbage currently around is spewed by the likes of sub-standard commentators such as Robert Walls, Ian Robertson, Swan McKay and up-and-coming tossers such as Silvagni - all Carlton scum.

But I won't stop because there is more to say about the Lame Family.

Did Sam seriously think that she had a serious chance of making a name for herself in radio with a whining voice like that. She makes Caro sound like a bloody BBC newsreader. And she should remember that she is only young for a short time so the ditsy, giggly, girly act is eventually going to start to annoy even her most ardent fan (read dear ol' Dad). It wore so thin for me so long ago (about 2.6 seconds after I first heard her) that now when I listen to her my skin crawls and I scratch myself raw.

mediatossers

I know it's not just her voice, it's enduring listening to somebody talk about supporting Carlton as if it was a thing normal people do. These people honestly can't see how alien they are to the rest of the community. It disgusts me that they put this bile on air.

And if I could raise a point that the High Priest of the Church of the High Moral Ground would most certainly raise himself, doesn't it smack of a conflict of interest to be working alongside your daughter?

Regardless of the Most Reverend Tim's involvement in her procuring the gig, could it not look like nepotism to the unsuspecting listener?

Could it not potentially lower the incredibly high opinion we all have of the No. 1 Caller In The Land (ahh, ahhh, ahhhh bullshit! - excuse me)? Could it?

Would it not be best for at least one of them to stand down from their positions? I mean, how can we possibly respect Tim when he debates the father-son draft rules when he is so obviously prejudiced on the issue. I mean, it's bloody bordering on the insane.

Which brings us to the Eddie conflict of interest thing.

Hello Tim, hello Tim, Earth calling Tim... nobody cares mate. The fact that you have Channel 9-aligned Dwayne Russell and Channel 7 apologist Caroline Wilson carrying on like pork chops every Saturday in the same box as you means that the ABC is already compromised.

Indeed your own integrity, by agreeing to work with those people, is tarnished according to your own special brand of logic.

So, Tim, please just stand down from all your media commitments so we can all sleep easier at night knowing that no

conflict of interest exists anywhere in the world.

Ben McAuliffe
Serotm Action Group President
(Send Carlton Rubbish Outta The Media)



No 1 Tosser in the Land



Malthouse, Einstein, Freud & Clokey

by Kurt Yoghurt

In a season that's produced a plethora of talented youngsters Jason Cloke stands out like Pavarotti at an anorexic anonymous workshop. As Clokey junior comes on-line the inevitable question is being asked, 'how did a slow, fat-arsed, plodding ruckman like David Cloke produce the revelation that we now know as Jason Cloke. The answers reveal a disturbing story of an obsessed authoritarian father, an innocent kid and caravan holidays in Rosebud every January. Part psychological, part intellectual and partly to do with his erudite farting. Only Hot Pies has got the guts to pop the bonnet, lift the lid and get the good oil on on this one.

Early Days

From his first moments since birth, Jason's football development has been the lifelong obsession of his father, COLLINGWOOD and Richmond 300 gamer David Cloke. Hard, tough and erudite we are witnessing the end result of twenty years of intensive conditioning and training.



Paternal Authority

David Cloke believed you were never too young to learn the fundamentals of the game. David was determined to make Jason (an infant at the time) the best footballer he could possibly be. The intensive football tuition was applied to Jason with typical Cloke brutality.

Before Jason could walk, David Cloke decided that baby Jason was never going to be carried. 'No kid of mine is ever going to be carried' was the catch-cry David told curious on-lookers in the early 80's. Everywhere the Cloke family went, baby Jason would be dragged behind, inside a string shopping bag.

Jason claims he has no memory of his days as an infant, (a patently obvious case of what Freud called "repressing traumatic memories"), however when it comes to match time there is nothing Jason hates more than getting dragged. (see Freud's "life instinct")

Oedipal Stage

The infant footy training did not end with the dragging. When Jason reached eighteen months (what Freud called the 'oral and anal phase of infantile development') his father instituted a modified form of goal kicking training.

Instead of using goal posts they used a potty. Jason was taught the importance of getting it straight through the middle and whenever baby Jason sprayed one, or got one out on the full, he copped the full

almighty wrath of the mustached monster.

(This is a classical example of "the assertion of paternal authority" allowing the infant to move normally through the Oedipal phase. According to Freud the Oedipal phase it is where the boy child wants to boff his mother and the father puts the cock block on, crucially allowing the boy child to develop heterosexual relationships in later life.)

Body and Mind

Obsessed with Jason's physical development demented David instituted a gruelling exercise regime. Whilst most other three year-olds had nap times, Jason Cloke had lap times. In the family's custom built inflatable 'Clark Rubber' lap pool.

Instead of playing with toy hammers and lawn mowers, David threw him off the deep end and gave the two year old the real stuff bugger the consequences. The results speak for themselves. Intimidation in an unfamiliar environment is among the many ideas that have not entered Jason's mind

Body-on-Body

Sleeping was no excuse for slacking off at training according to demented Dave. The eldest of three brothers Jason was forced to sleep in the same cot with his two younger brothers, a practice that continues until the present day. In this bizarre pressure cooker environment Jason learnt the importance of using his body to nudge out opponents and hold position. He developed skills on how to handle smaller, slippery and evasive opponents. Did Jason say, "It really taught you the importance of getting into the right position and holding that position. I remember one night when I found myself out of position and I was out of the contest for the entire night".

In what Freud called "aggressive instinct in its visisitudes" the sub-conscious training Jason received has had a big impact out on the field. He gets himself in good position and rarely gets caught out.

A Classical Education

It has been proven that reading to children at an early age stimulates their mental development. Clokey senior (a passionate reader of Freud and his contemporary Jacques Lacan-Pies) would read to the young and impressionable Jason every night before bed. He would read him a wide range of material from the all the greats.



Dr. Cloke.

Pmt.vhs, bo, poq, f.u horns

These included the timeless fairytale, 'A Shaw Thing', by Tony Shaw and the classic tragedy 'The B.T. Diaries' by Brian Taylor.

Inspired by his fathers devotion, Jason maintained his interest in reading into puberty. In 1993 (whilst going through a new-romantic Goth phase) he purchased a copy of 'The Secret Collingwood Set Play handbook', by Tony Shaw for \$2 from a second-hand bookshop. This was the final and crucial piece in the education puzzle. It's no wonder that Jason plays the game like he's been doing it for years.

Cross-Training

As Jason grew older, father David tried to develop Jason's work in pack situations. For this Clokey Snr, would take Jason to Myers for the opening of their Stocktake doorbuster sales. There he learnt to push, shove, elbow, bite and scream and do anything to bust a pack wide open. This training method had to stopped as the intense brutality dished out by crazed bargain shoppers at these events was far in excess of what you are likely to find on an AFL footy field. At least footy has rules.

Conclusion

As you can see the path Jason has been subjected to in his short life has been a harsh and brutal one. Many people may find the treatment dished out to young Jason as abhorrent and un-necessary. But not us.

Whatever David Cloke has done to mould Jason into the footballer he is today he has done a magnificent job.

We don't care if he's psychological Play Dough for the rest of his life, unable to hold down a real job or develop any meaningful interpersonal relationships. As long as Jason continues to play magnificent footy in the hard tough and committed mould he has thus far we'll be happy. Keep up the good work Jason.



Medical bills

Covered by insurance

Panadol sponsorship deal

+\$20,000

Flying wife and daughter to Perth

-\$1765

Getting kneed in the face by one of your own teammates and having your completely uncoordinated act mistaken for courage

Priceless



*There are some things money can't buy
For everything else there's LosersCard*

HOT PIES PRESENTS A DIFFERENT FOOTY AWARD
Honouring Gubby Allen's infamous match loser we're proud to present:

The Gubby

Have you ever suffered such terrible footy that any of the following symptoms arose?

Pulled a clump of hair clean out of your own head? Spat your false teeth over the row in front of you?

Pulled a clump of hair clean out of someone else's head? Lost your beer, pie and chips all over your lap?

What you've really suffered is a "Gubby"

Affectionately known these days as a "clanger", a Gubby is a terrible passage of football that costs supporters their dignity, the Pies a goal and maybe even the four points.

Each issue we will present a few Gubbies and ask you, the victims, to vote on The Gubby that caused you the most anguish.

1 – CHAD RINTOUL

A momentum-sapping pass to Richmond's Kellaway for a goal on the siren.

2 – PAUL LICURIA

An early Gubby favourite, only took until Round 2 to find the target. Went looking for Scotland, must have thought of Britain and hit Ratten right on the chest 30 metres out.

3 – BEN KINNEAR

One for the old timers. Kinnear's beautiful stab pass across goal into the path of the leading Camporeale instantly sparked cries of "up the guts".

To vote simply call 1800-OHF*CKIT and register your disgust.

(Call costs far less than what the players get per minute.

May cost more if you also threw your mobile phone away mid-gubby)



The Gubby – the winner will never lose their way again with this beautifully struck compass.

The Gubby Medallist will receive a terrific prize pack including a Melways, free consultation at Medowdick Eye Clinic as well as this unique trophy.

"To have Hot Pies strike this award in my name is the biggest thrill I've had in football since I put my name on top of the Sherrin Stand"
Graeme 'Gubby' Allen – Collingwood Legend





NICK DAFFY
DUCK

by
HOT ROD

pluggaless Floodius: YEARS OF FLOODNEY EADE'S REVOLUTIONARY 'GLOBAL WARMING' GAME PLAN HAS FORCED THESE AMPHIBIOUS SUPPORTERS TO ADAPT TO THEIR NEW HOME GROUND - THE SYDNEY AQUATIC CENTRE

What ruddy conflict?

With our boys having been in the team-rebuilding wilderness for a few years now, we Collingwood faithful have just had to put up with the usual crap from unimaginative supporters of lesser clubs about our relative position on the ladder. But now that we've become genuine flag contenders in the space of just a few short weeks, they're resorting to more desperate measures and are playing the man when it comes to our CFC Ed Presidente. I ask you, how familiar is the line, 'And what about Eddie?'

Well I say, what about him? I might fork out annually on a social club membership, but that doesn't make me vicariously liable for everything that our Ed says, does it?

Anyway, it's apparent that merely denying responsibility is not an effective means of deflecting bullshit from these tossers. So having payed close attention and learnt from the master Ed himself, I've been working on a definitive guide on how to respond to those allegations we Pies supporters commonly encounter. Here's some suggestions:

- If in a particular game the Pies happen to be playing and the Ed happens to be commentating for the relevant network televising proceedings, and the white prick umpire gives a free against any of our boys, the only thing appropriate is for the Ed to express **COMPLETE OUTRAGE** in the interest of presenting a balance view to the football public. The mere fact that he happens to be Ed Presidente of course can't be construed to mean the Pies attract a fine for criticism of an umpire. **NO CONFLICT.**
- If the Ed should happen to ask a potential millionaire the question 'Who kicked 5 goals in the 1990 Grand Final?', this does not mean he is taking advantage of his position as a national TV personality in order to denigrate the Essendon Football Club, or to promote the CFC and therefore boost membership. It's just a question. **NO CONFLICT**
- The gusto with which the Ed sings the song with the team after the game should not be construed in any way to reflect the extent to which he was barracking for them whilst commentating the game itself. **NO CONFLICT.**
- Just like any member of the public, on any given day the Ed should be able to drive whatever car he damn well likes. His choice doesn't mean he's beholden to any particular CFC or 9 Network sponsor at the given time. **NO CONFLICT**

- The Footy Show is not the Ed's vehicle for publicity of CFC social functions, events, and membership drives. The reality is that other clubs just don't do anything worth talking about. And any discussion of our Buck's merit in the Brownlow stakes can only be attributed to the Ed's ability to recognise pure footy talent- if the white prick umpires happen to be listening and they're convinced, well maybe they've got some brains after all. **NO CONFLICT**

Look out for the next edition of Hot Pies! in which guest columnist the Ed Presidente himself will advise us all on how to run the line that it really is possible to distinguish between perceived conflict and actual conflict.

By The Jokerr

Crap Poem of the Month

IS IT LOVE OR JUST A GAME?

In a field of green
We run, we chase
You embrace me
As if you never want to release me
We don't care who is watching
You call my name
I make a pass
Your arm around my shoulder
My head pressed against your breast
We know we both want the same thing
And after the climax
We cleanse ourselves
Under cascading waters
And in a pool
Is it just a game for you?
Or is it passion?
This thing we call...
.....Football
by **PIE 'TIL I DIE**

JOHNSTON STREET

These days, to lure a quality recruit down from the country or interstate, you have to incorporate a few extra incentives into the deal. Free mobile phones, tracksuit dacks and plane rides to the Arab

Emirates to name but a few.

However, in the last few years the club has found its greatest selling point: Johnston Street Shopping Precinct. It has become the new boom-area of Melbourne along with Caroline Springs.

In 1979 when money was being thrown around like Caro Wilson's sour grapes, potential recruit Dale "Chook" Woodhall was taken by charismatic president Randal McDonald, on a shopping spree in Johnston Street, Abbotsford.

The Acropolis shoe store just under the railway bridge was naturally the first stop for any new signee. Being from Queensland, Dale had never seen a pair of platform shoes before.

He was overwhelmed by the craftsmanship and signed a contract immediately after Randal bought him his first pair. It is history that he became an overnight sensation, for a couple of weeks at least.

Sadly, not even the ruins of the Acropolis remain, yet Batsanis Shoestore of Johnston Street survives.

This is despite the virtual extinction of the "Sharpie". Usually whilst killing time between training sessions, Tristen Walker, James Podsiadly and Scott Cummings have been seen browsing or getting fitted out. Mark McGough gets his school shoes from Batsanis.

Up until last year the club had four full-time psychiatrists for delicate young players who had suffered at the hands of tough-guy serial sledgers like Wayne Campbell.

Now, Neil Balme slips them a 20 dollar shopping voucher for the Johnston Street Precinct and they're fine.

A good example is Rupert Betheras, who up until recently had been a bit shaky after tangling with Kangaroo rocket scientist, David King. Rupert's hair was always a bit wash 'n wear, but since his trip to Joe's Continental Hairdresser in Johnston Street he's not only been looking the goods, but he's been taking teams apart single handedly.

Blow wave

Another to spend time at Joe's last year, was Leon Davis who got over his homesickness by receiving a number 2 cut and blow wave.

Unfortunately, as Leon's pay cheque grew, he found the need to spend more on his hair, so Stanley Archibald of the city now cuts and extends his hair. At a price of course.

That is the thing about the Johnston Street Precinct.



THERAPY

Pete Buttwagon

It is still incredibly good value because the rest of Melbourne doesn't know about it.

Being an expert on fine foods, young recruit Scott Cummings was totally surprised by the range of food available. Before training he can often be seen at the Yarra Restaurant in Johnston Street.

Some of the Italian delicacies available for under ten dollars include Rissoles with onion gravy, Indian Beef Curry and Deluxe Steak Sandwich.

For some of the under-agers who can't afford fake ID's, there is always the Magpie Deli, just around the corner in Nicholson Street.

Seventeen going on 35-year old Mark McGough recently visited "The Magpie" with his chaperone and school tutor, Adrian Fletcher.

For five dollars they purchased two cans of Tarax Black Label lemonade, a salad sandwich and a Golden Gaytime as an after training treat.

Although Fletcher wasn't drafted this year, he is still able to enjoy the benefits of shopping in the area, however McGough usually has to pay for him.

Boom times

So, as you probably realize, the value of shopping in Johnston Street is an immeasurable asset to the club. Of course, with the boom comes change and some pain.

When all the presently vacant shops in Johnston Street suddenly transform into Chapel Street-style latte bars, it will come as a shock to some. It is also common knowledge that Tyson Lane was spending too much time shopping in the area.

Keon Park

That is the price you have to pay if you want to get the best and trendiest footballers, which of course as of last year is what the Copeland is all about - the case in point being Paul Licuria, who before becoming 2001's Best and trendiest used to shop exclusively at the Cheddar Road shops in Keon Park.

We might be based at the MCG, but next time you come to watch training and you've been locked out, take a wander down Johnston St and imagine what it's like

for a rookie exploring the delights for the very first time.

Note: It is advisable to bring cash as most shops do not accept cards



The Yarra Restaurant B

SCOTTY SPOTTY

We all know how hard it can be to maintain match fitness when hampered by niggling injuries. The 'Women In Black' Coterie were so concerned that Scotty Cummings would 'pork out' whilst sidelined with a hamstring injury, they invited him to attend one of their regular calisthenics work-outs. See if you can spot Scotty amongst this bevy of black and white beauty.



Bragging & Bagging

With Richmond running like a \$400 HQ Kingswood. Essendon being exposed for what they are. And every Guido this side of Sydney Road dropping off the Blues bandwagon, the football world is beginning to make sense again.

Poised on the cusp of greatness as we currently are, many Collingwood supporters are encountering a social position they might be unfamiliar with. It's called Football superiority.

Mick and the boys are doing their part by kicking arse and restoring pride on a regular basis. Now it's time for us to reap the benefits of all their hard work. God knows we've waited long enough for success at Vicky Park, so let's make the most of it while it lasts.

One of the side benefits of winning lots more is what they call 'Bragging Rights'. The right to wax lyrically and give people the shits just by speaking the new Collingwood truth.

To some it's a social crutch. A knowledge and belief that something they are a part of something greater than themselves. For others who choose to abuse it 'Bragging Rights' offers a world of opportunities to piss people off.

Personally I choose the abuse approach. It helps pass the time and also evokes a sense of justice for all the pain I/we have endured during our lean times of recent years. The most effective way to send the message that arrogant Pie fans are on the march, is by word of mouth. Or as Hillary Clinton might have said, 'think global, act local'.

Friends, family and work colleagues are a great avenue to peddle your unsolicited advice and one-eyed opinions. In a typical example of how it's done, first thing on a Monday morning you should hunt down and seek out any supporter of any losing team (for argument sake lets choose St.Kilda). Start off with an

innocent question like 'did you watch the footy on the weekend' and before they have time to draw breath. Get into em'. Let them know exactly what you think about their shithouse team, their inept leadership and self serving administration. Remind them that Stuart Lowe is only a shadow of Richo (our one) and that Rob Harvey isn't Tarkyn Lockyer's bootstrap. Just for good measure feel free to question their clubs future in the game and openly ponder if the world wouldn't be a better place if their team was not in it.

Remember to serve and garnish all your unwanted opinions with a generous serve of gloating and before you know it everyone you know who doesn't barrack for the Pies will hate you.

If this concept was expanded by every Collingwood supporter and applied to supporters of every losing team every week throughout the AFL season, it won't be long until you never receive a Christmas card again, in turn saving the environment. Now that's good for more than just footy.

Now that the Pies are dominating all things football, make the most of the inner glow that you can only associate with being a football powerhouse. Remember nothing lasts forever, except for Collingwood!

If you think that was a load of horseshit, well there's plenty more where that came from.

Hot Pies co-editor Johnny Taranto can be heard most

Saturday mornings as the Collingwood Coach In The Outer

'When Saturday Comes' Saturdays 10am-Noon

774am ABC Radio

Hey Kids!!

Find out what respect sounds like. Unscramble the the footy words and fill in the blanks to discover what Mark McGough's opponents have been saying about him.

OLTOBAFL

CKIK

DONABURY

FALLWORUFD



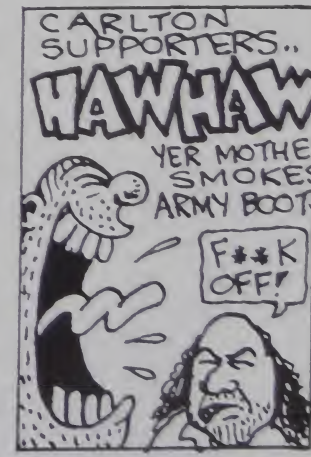
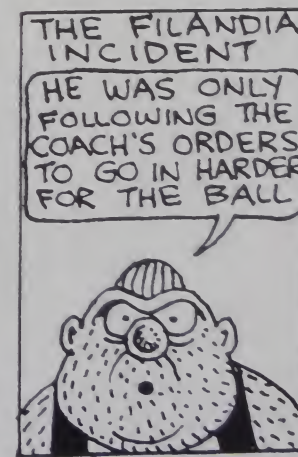
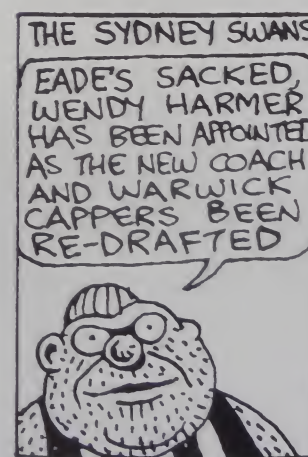
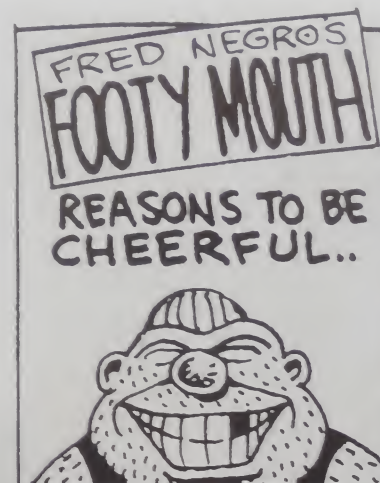


Hey Adults!!

Pull out your crayons!
Colour-in this picture in
your favourite team's
colours.

Send in your entries to win
a Hot Pies Limited Edition
T-Shirt (the third ever
made).

Scan and e-mail your
Commodore 64 compatible
compressed jpeg file to
hotpies@vicnet.net.au to
be in the running.



Phwoarr!



all day i dream about sex